Vol. V. Numb. 54.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Remarks on the News brought by the five Mails. Of Prince Eugene *and the Duke of* Savoy. *Of raising the Siege of* Turin. *Remarks on a Report of the Earl of* Peterborough's *being re-call'd. The* Post-Boy *Examin'd about his Vindication of the* Ticket-Doctor. *Of the present Storms.*

From **Wednesday** September the 18th, to **Saturday** September the 21st, 1706.

Country-m. HUzzah! Huzzah!

Obs. Hey day! What's the matter with my Country-man *Roger?*

Country-m. Only a little Tipsie with the good News. 'Tis all come confirm'd: I don't know what to do with my self: I am ready to burst: Here are all the Papers.

Obs. Out of Respect to Authority, we'll begin with Mrs. *Jones* in the *Savoy*, and here I find the Particulars of the Battle; but I wonder there is nothing mention'd of raising the Siege of *Turin*, when to me 'tis Evident, that all that Prince *Eugene* and the Duke of *Savoy* have March'd for, Thought for, and Fought for, has been for raising that Siege.

But as I always thought there was never a News-Oracle in *England*, and that the Writings of the greatest Men may sometimes happen to be imperfect; so, for further Advice, we'll consult the Publick Papers that pass without the Stamp of Authority.

And here we find 'em all agreeing that the Siege of *Turin* is rais'd, that is what we wanted, and what is of the greatest Moment to the *Confederates*, but more particularly to the *Emperour* and the Duke of *Savoy*.

Certainly never Prince ran a greater Risque than the Duke of *Savoy* has done; and never one has been reduc'd to greater Extreamities than Himself. He has seemingly opposed His own *Private Interest* to that of the *Publick*. If he had valued His own Advantage before the *Publick Good* of *Europe*, He would have taken the part of *France*, being so nearly Ally'd to it in Point of *Consanguity*, having two Daughters Married to the Grandsons of that Realm, *viz.* One to the Duke of *Anjou*, and another to the Duke of *Burgundy*.

What He has suffer'd is not unknown to the Powers of *Europe*, He has seen His Capital City Besieged, His Family running to a *Petty State* for Protection, whilst He Himself has been Hunted like a *Partridge* on the Mountains, and expos'd to all the Mistortunes an Exil'd Prince could bear or suffer.

By a good turn of *Providence*, and the Pious Care of Prince *Eugene* of *Savoy*, at one *Martial Hit*, the Tables are turn'd; the *Pursued* now *Pursues*, and the *Conquered* is *Conqueror*.

In this the *Conduct* and *Diligence* of Prince *Eugene* is beyond Comparison, as the *Defence* of *Turin* is beyond Example; the first having gain'd his Ends against a Numerous Army; and the others, like true *Salamanders*, having lived for above three Months together in *Fire* and *Smoke*, two Prodigies of *War*, which, as they fill the present Age with Wonder, will fill the Annals of Time with Relations hardly to be Credited.

Victories, like other things, are of most Advantage when they are best improv'd; the *French* have lost many Battles this Year, but I can't find in History that ever they mis-improv'd One that they got. I hope we shall not; but 'tis not my Business to descant on this Head.

I may venture to say thus much, That this is the most *Fatal Blow* that yet has been given to *France*, which is only owing to the *Diligence* of the *Confederates*, the *Constancy* of the Duke of *Savoy*, the *Conduct* of Prince *Eugene*, and the *Generosity* of *Englishmen*.

I'll begin with the latter, because always first in the Order of War, of which Money is the Sinews, which implies the whole Force and Strength. And now you Brave *Londoners*, behold what you have done for the *Common Cause*. In Lending your Money towards the Payment of Prince *Eugene*'s Forces, you have given a new Life and Vigour to the *Armament* in *Italy*, which has encouraged them to get a Conquest of such Consequence to the *Common Cause*, and *Honour* of *England*, as will Eternalize your Names in the Records of Time; and at present is a Demonstrative Proof what the *English* Nation can do, and is a Heart-breaking to the Enemy to think that *YOU* can do so much.

It is not convenient for me to say much of the late Arrival of the *Hessian* Force in *Italy*, but certainly the *Constancy* of the Duke of *Savoy* is Memorable and Admirable. Such a *Constancy*, under such *Difficulties*, is hardly to be found. I need not mention the Offers that have been made to him by *France*, the Requests, the Application of his own People, with Tears in their Eyes, to relinquish the *Confederacy*; but I cannot forbear mentioning the Letter written by the Duke of *Marlborough* to His Royal Highness when he was hard Press'd, and under Appresions of the Loss of His Capital City; how Excellently His Grace Argued the Point, what Encouragement His Grace gave Him, and told Him how much it would tend to the *Honour* of His Royal Highness to Stand Firm to the *Common Cause*. I have that Letter somewhere by me, and with I could readily pick it from my confus'd Papers; but I hope the Duke of *Savoy* will remember it, and consider how much for the future he may depend on the *Faithful Council* of His Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*.

It may be here expected that I should run out into Encomiums on the Duke of *Savoy* and Prince *Eugene*, whose Praises are the Subjects of better Pens. Every Body knows how the *Review* and my self have been expos'd, when we have given the just Characters due to our Heroes, as if we had Reflected on the Duke of *Marlborough*. We must not speak of the Great *Eugene*, or the

Earl

Earl of *Peterborough*, but we presently are told, *We Satyrize on Somebody.* Let the World judge of what I have written; I have Answer'd in Part already, and stand Charg'd with the Rest.

But I cannot here omit taking Notice what a *Looſe* is given to the Tongues and Pens of ſome Men, and what a *Reſtraint* there is on others. It has been *Coffee-Houſe* Diſcourſe, 'That the *Emperors Envoy* had complain'd 'againſt the Earl of *Peterborough*, that he had kept the 'beſt of his Troops ſo long in *Valentia*, and, by his not 'Joyning King *Charles*, had given Opportunity to the Duke 'of *Anjou* to Joyn the *Rebels*; that upon this the Earl was 're-call'd, and that it had been propos'd in Council, that 'either the Earl ſhould quit the Army and return Home, 'or that a Commiſſion ſhould be ſent him to remain there 'in Quality of *Ambaſſador* extraordinary, and *Plenipoten-'tiary* to King *Charles*, but that the ſame was counter-'manded in the *Cabinet*, and was reſolved that the Earl 'ſhould be re-cal'd.

As there is nothing more *Malicious* and *Falſe*, as to matter of Fact, nothing more *Libellous* on Her Majeſty and Government, ſo nothing can ſerve more to clear the Eyes of the People, how much thoſe who have done us the *Trueſt Service* are *Aſpers'd*; and may ſerve to ſatisfie the Minds of *True Engliſhmen*, for what Grounds and Reaſons that Noble Peer, the Earl of *Peterborogh*, is thus daily expos'd by our Enemies.

Country-m. Maſter, I think the Folk will never let you be quiet, you muſt not miſs a Syllable of a Story, if you do they'll preſently ſay 'tis a Lye. Now here's *Jack Frenchman*, the Author of the *Poſt-Boy*, is upon your Back.

Obſ. What *Iriſh*, *French*, *Engliſh*, all of 'em; Good *Butchers* take of your *Bull-Dogs*; why ſhould the *Obſervator* be Worried for *Harmleſs Miſtakes*, when others are not Bark'd at for Writing *Treaſon*, and Affronting the *Government?* What ſays Monſieur *Poſt-Boy?*

Country-m. Why, Maſter, he ſays, *That the Reverend* Doctor *was out of Town when you ſaid a* Miniſter of State *ſent him the Meſſage about the Battle of* Ramelly.

Obſ. Very well; then do thee go to Mr. *How*, and bid him amend his Print, by taking out *Ramelly* and putting in *Hogſtedt*, and then let Mr. *Poſt-Boy* go to the Reverend *Ticket-Doctor*, and aſk him how he likes that, and deſire to ſpeak with the Gentlemen that were with him when the *Miniſters* Servant came with the Meſſage, and hear what they ſay to the Point, and, perhaps, the *Doctor* may pop him a *Play-Houſe Ticket* for his Pains.

Country-m. I proteſt, Maſter, thi Duke of *Marlborough* is a ſtrange Gentleman; he ſends Victories in Cluſter; we have ſo many of 'em that we miſtake one for 'tother, and then thoſe that are ſorry for all of 'em ſay we are *Liars.*

Obſ. Roger, if ten Men are in Company, and hear a Story, not two of the ten ſhall repeat it without varying in Circumſtance. The *Prieſt* acknowledges that he has a Flower in his Garden call'd a *Tacker*, and the Reverend *Doctor*, I ſuppoſe, will acknowledge the Truth of the *Hogſtedt Story. Stories*, like *Compariſons*, need not run on four Feet.

But I take it as a piece of *French Inſolence* in the Author of the *Poſt-Boy*, to expoſe an Error in another Author at the End of his Paper, when in the Beginning of it, he excuſes an Error of his own in Killing Honeſt Mr. *Lamb*, the *Queens Cook*, and in Satisfaction brings him to Life again, tho before he was as Dead as a *Herring*.

Now to convince this Eminent *French Scribbler* that Writers may make Miſtakes and Errors, let him read the Poſtſcript to his own Paper, Numb. 1770. wherein he gives an Account of a Bloody Battle betwixt Prince *Eugene* and the *French Army*, Dated the 14th of *December*, 1706. and ſatisfie the World how he came by the Knowledge of a Battle about three Months before it was Fought, but perhaps he deſcended from the Family of *Noſtradamus*, and that Paper muſt go for a Propheſie. I wiſh it may be fulfil'd.

I would have him Correct another Miſtake in the ſame Paper, or tell us the Names of the 300 Hundred General Officers that were Kill'd or Taken in that Fight. If the *French* loſt one fourth part of their General Officers it was very much, and 300 is the fourth part of 1200, and let him tell me any Army that ever had above a Thouſand General Officers in it.

I thought that Cavils of this Nature, about Errors and Miſtakes had, been the only proper Buſineſs of ſuch a ſorry Tool as the Author of the *Rehearſal*: But ſince Mr. *Poſt-Boy* is coming in Partner with him in Vindicating the Reputation of the *Misbehaving Clergy*, I ſhall find 'em both Work enough: And yet for the *Publick Good* and *Quiet*, I could wiſh all Weekly-Papers were ſtop'd, and let the *Poſt-Boy* go into his Kings Service, I'll go into my Queens, and let the *Rehearſal* keep in the Devils Service to the end of the Chapter.

Country-m. Maſter, I am extreamly rejoye'd at this good News; but all *Humane Joy* meets with an Allay of *Grief*. This Storm blows my Heart below my Girdle. De'ye hear how the Winds roar?

Obſ. He who holds the Winds in the hollow of his Hand commands them to roar, and, when he pleaſes, can, with the Breath of his Mouth, huſh them to Silence. To complain in this Nature is a murmuring againſt *Providence*, telling the *Almighty* we are diſſatisfy'd with his *Government*, who is the *Supream Governour* of the Univerſe. We have done our Duty, and muſt wait his Pleaſure for a Bleſſing on the means; we have had Great and Unſpeakable Earneſts of his Mercies; and if our Sins don't put a ſtop we may expect yet more and greater; but our preſent Buſineſs is to *Hope*, *Wait*, and *Pray*.

Country-m. And if *Infinite Wiſdom* ſhould think fit to put a Stop to this *Expedition*, I bleſs God the *Engliſh* Nation is able to bear the Charge of the Diſappointment. I pray God preſerve our *Sailors* this Night; I ſhall Sleep but little for thinking on them; I wiſh you a Good Night; I go to Bed with a heavy Heart.

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THeſe are to give Notice, That Mary Kirleus, Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus* a Collegiate Phyſician of *London*, and Sworn Phyſician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. is the only Perſon that Sells (exactly prepared) his Famous Drink and Pill, which is Eminently Experienced to Cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leproſies, Veneral and *French* Diſeaſe, Running of the Reins, and all ſuch Malignities, tho' never ſo Inveterate, in all Conſtitutions, at all Seaſons of the Year, hindring no Buſineſs, without Fluxing, or the uſe of *Mercury*, which is generally Deſtructive: Theſe Medicines are Truly and Faithfully prepared, as directed by her Husband, and as made and delivered to his Patients by her in his Life time (they being the only Perſons then that Sold it, and to whom the Secret was ever imparted. Therefore beware of ſeveral late Ignorant Pretenders, for ſhe perfectly knows the Doctors Methods of Curing, which ſhe Practices with great Succeſs, as has been ſeveral times mentioned in the Gazette, particularly the Eleventh of *April* laſt. She Cures many after Fluxing, Compaſſionates the Diſtreſſed, and deals with all Perſons according to their Abilities. The Drink is 3*s.* the Quart, the Pill 1*s.* the Box, with Directions. She gives Advice Gratis to all that write, or come to her.

*She is Removed from the *Glaſs-Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden-Ball*, in *Hand-Court*, over-againſt Great Turn-Stile, in *Holbourn*.

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